

Good Morning 326

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Recalling a happy Leave, W.O. Fielding

WHEN we called at your home, 17 Browning Street, Oldham, W.O. John Fielding, your mother was a bit disappointed because she'd have liked a photo of you—and so would we. But can we blame you for being out and making the most of your ten days' happy leave?

And, anyway, you and the whole family will like this picture of mother—she makes a very good photo, doesn't she?

As you see, mother and young Terry (who'd honoured your leave by staying away from school) were in the middle of making up the case of "goodies" for Laurence. And were those "goodies" good! Oranges, sweets, chocolates, biscuits, and big slabs of toffee.

But, as mother says, Laurence deserves all the best you can get for him; he's certainly a "plucked 'un," bearing so many months of hospital with a grin.

Your mother, however, couldn't stop all day for a photograph. She told us that she was getting used to a big wash-bag every time you came home on leave, and it was still waiting.

Your mother also made us



laugh by talking about that time on your last leave when you went over to the local and had a dance session with her. She added that Mrs. Reynolds hasn't yet fully recovered from it, and always has to laugh when the subject comes up.

By the way, John, we were shown Rhona's photograph. As mother says, you certainly have chosen a nice and pretty girl. You're to be envied, we'll say.

In fact, the only one who

Here's the Bag that never Proves a Flop

DURING the past few weeks there have been many references to the Diplomatic Bag—yet few people know anything about it. There are two types of Bag. The most important, as you would expect, is the "Confidential Bag." The other is classed as "Non-Confidential."

When a "Bag" is to be despatched from one of our Embassies or Legations, everyone appears to be on his or her toes. Just why this is so no one really knows, but many people have told me of this feeling when serving in many parts of the world.

The Bag—Confidential type—the use of which is strictly forbidden by the Foreign Office for any purpose other than official business, has been reinforced in war-time by those of censorship, the Post Office, and the Security Services.

A King's Messenger—a regular holder of the Greyhound Badge—takes charge of the Bag in the majority of cases. If, however, the contents of the Bag are not considered to be of very great importance, and a Messenger is not available, a trusted British citizen, travelling to the Bag's destination, is sometimes asked to take it.

The bag with the throttle-strap is secured and sealed in such a way that no one could interfere with it without the authorities being aware of the fact.

So far as the "Confidential Bag" is concerned, there are holes in the bottom, and in addition it is weighted down with lead. And for a very good reason. If a ship aboard which it was being carried was sunk by enemy action, or boarded by a German prize crew, the Messenger could quickly toss it over the side and it would be safe from the prying eyes of the German Secret Service. The same principle applies to carrying "The Bag" aboard an aeroplane.

This precaution was taken as the result of an experience in the Great War. A U-boat attacked a British ship aboard

(From Ronald Waters)

which a King's Messenger was travelling. When the enemy approached he threw overboard the valuable Bag, as instructed—but had the mortification of seeing it float right into the hands of the U-boat captain. Now our "Bag" sinks at once when hoisted overboard. We don't intend to be caught napping twice!

In the course of their history King's Messengers have been known to face great hazards and dangers in order to protect the valuable Bag handed to them by the authorities. Always have they proved themselves just that bit smarter than those who would like to snatch away their "prize."

But, for all their bravery, King's Messengers carrying "The Bag" do not go looking for trouble. In fact, just the opposite. When travelling by train, no one else may share the compartment, which is locked. Even when he goes to dinner, or to the cloak-room, the "Bag" goes with the holder of the Greyhound Badge. From the moment he receives it, until it is handed over to the official he has been ordered to see, it never once leaves his sight.

When the Messenger arrives at the port, or flying field, he will be met by a Foreign Office Messenger if it is in Britain, by a Chancery representative if he is in a foreign country. As for the Bag he treasures so much, it is immune from search in any country with which we have diplomatic relations. Foreign Office officials are very strict on the point that this privilege should not be abused.

The world knows and respects Britain for her great honesty in this direction, but in the past not every country could claim such a record. For once anything is "in the Bag" it is certain to reach its destination. King's Messengers make certain of that!

THEY'RE READY FOR 'VICTORY PEAL' (By John Muller)

A BRIDEKIRK church, one of the oldest in Cumberland, boasts the youngest team of bellringers in the country.

Every Sunday and several days a week, six boys, none of them over fourteen years of age, ring the peal of bells in the central tower of the church, a cruciform edifice of limestone that is a conspicuous feature in a hunting district. The boys belong to the Church of England Waifs and Strays Home, evacuated in 1940 from Hastings to Tallantire, nearby.

Bridekirk bells and bellringers were famed in pre-war days, when teams from every parish in West and Mid-Cumberland used to meet to ring the changes in friendly rivalry, and when there used to be recorded with some excitement such a feat as a "Bob minor" of 720 changes.

Observing that the boys of the Waifs and Strays Home seized every opportunity of getting into the belfry, the vicar, the Rev. A. E. Handley, determined that the bells of Bridekirk should ring again.

Under his tuition and that of Mr. Edward Martin, 75 years of age, a former bellringer, who has lived in the village for 60 years, the lads are developing considerable skill.

Flushed, eager, and on tiptoe to begin, the boys stand at the appointed stations, their hands on the "Sally" of the rope—the yard-long covering of wool that saves hands from abrasion.

The perfect rhythm of movement—the release of the "Sally" to let it travel upwards to the timbered ceiling, the pulling of the rope down again, the timing to come in at the proper moment, was proved by the tunefulness of the peal summoning the villagers to church.

The boys exult in their job. Pride and pleasure shine on their countenances. The recruits have a long way to go before they become experts, but they have made a good start in their apprenticeship to a difficult but noble art, and have already gladdened the hearts of parishioners who have mourned the long silence of the Bridekirk bells.

And they're getting ready for their own "Victory Peal" to ring in the glad new world of to-morrow.

DO YOU KNOW?

There are in the world to-day about 683 million Christians, 350 million Confucians and Taoists, 230 million Hindus, 210 million Mohammedans, 150 million Buddhists, and 16 million of the Jewish faith.

Sea-water's growing wings to-day

(Says Pat Spencer)

THE sea, Britain's oldest ally, has come to her salvation once again—this time in the air!

It has yielded up the magnesium that forms such a vital element of our fighter planes and our fleets of bombers.

Lacking this invaluable metal, the issue might have been very different for us.

It has been calculated that without the magnesium which British scientists conjure from the sea, British aircraft factories could not carry on for more than three months.

The complicated process of extracting it came from our enemies within the Reich! It represents yet another sell-out by the notorious German combine of I. G. Farbenindustrie.

On two other occasions this combine sold out valuable secrets to the Allies: Atabrine, the scourge of malaria, was one of them; the explosive rivet process, which halves the man-hours required in riveting a warplane, was another.

This third sell-out, the

magnesium process, must be causing Hitler more carpet-biting spasms than most of his other woes put together, for on it depends much of the notable victory which the Allied air forces have gained over the Luftwaffe.

The manufacturing patents were sold to an Englishman, and to-day the secret they contained has resulted in the production by British plants of a greater output of magnesium than the whole world produced before the war!

A DESERT PLANT.

Exact figures must not be given. But one case may be cited—the case of a plant now being built by the United States Government, under the guidance of British engineers, in the Nevada Desert.

It is going to cost £15 millions to build it, and when finished it will produce 100,000,000 lbs. of magnesium a year!

Not only does it ensure an enormous lightening of aircraft engines and components, but will prove of immense value in post-war industrial processes, and in the more efficient homes of the future.

But for the present it is confined to purposes of war. It was said at the beginning of the present world conflict that the salt water which laps our shores and has kept them inviolate through the centuries would at last be dominated by the new power of the air.

But the sea has given us the very air power that was supposed to supersede it!

That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture.

Robert Browning.

"Subterrainers" also love their dip



THESE pit ponies are showing how really to enjoy a bath.

Every day, when they come up from the shift, they delight in splashing about in their own bath, and the pit boys see they never miss one.

They come up dusty and tired from the mine; first a drink refreshes them, then they have a dip to make them clean and fit, and how they enjoy it!

Then, at Hamsterley Colliery, Co. Durham, where this picture was taken, they are led to comfortable stables, where a meal awaits them. So, after an eight-hour shift, they have a drink, a bath, a good meal, and a rest. What more could a pony want?

The pit lads think the world of them, and always carry a few tittits in their bait tins to give to their animal friends at mealtimes underground.

All the ponies are in perfect trim, and always clean, of course, for every shift means another bath.

Your letters are
welcome! Write to
"Good Morning"
c/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1

"LIKE A HAM"

PART XIII

The Sea-green Grocer

By Jasper Power

THROUGH the gathering dusk came the voice of the captain.

"Has everyone mustered?" he asked quietly. "Barrin' the coolies, sir," volunteered the bo'sun. "They've locked their fockle door, and won't come out for no one."

"All right, leave them there," said the Captain. "Men, the engine-room cassub has run amok and killed the carpenter. Did anyone amidships see where he went?"

"No, sir," piped Lobsouse "Itchens excitedly, "but I fahnd this in my galley as I come past. It's orl covered in blood, sir." Hairy Butler crossed himself as the cook held up the rusty bootjack.

"I cahn't find me big cleaver nowhere, Capting," added Lobsouse, apparently as an afterthought. Hairy Butler crossed himself again.

"All right," said the Captain, when no more information was forthcoming. "Butler and Hogsbottom, give the lamp-trimmer a hand to rig clusters fore and aft; I want every available light going on deck. Come up to my room, you," he added, pointing to Pybus. "The rest stand by."

China Hughes was peeling flannel wrappings off an automatic pistol when the grocer entered. Having removed most of the thick coating of vaseline with the aid of his bunk curtain, the Captain slipped in a magazine, and handed the weapon to Pybus, who grasped it gingerly.

"Take this and go along to Mr. Whalebelly's room, where you'll find a bag of irons in his settee locker. If you see anything of the Malay—shoot, d'you understand?"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Pybus. "Bring you the irons and shoot the cassub if I see him."

The "Herod Antipas" was by no means a large vessel, but to the frightened grocer her midship appeared to stretch on interminably, like a parallel of latitude. Twenty Malays might have lurked in ambush in the gloom of that sinister tunnel of awnings and screens, which seemed almost to have been prepared for that purpose. Half-way along, a shaft of light from the galley door cut a narrow path across the deck; Pybus saw with relief that the place was empty as he darted past. It reminded him sharply of the cook's missing cleaver, however, and his hand shook violently as he felt for the handle of the mate's door.

Something moist and clammy brushed very gently against the grocer's ear, vanished, then questioningly touched at the back of his neck. Rigid with fear, Pybus shut his eyes and waited for the cleaver to split down through his skull. The blow did not fall, and at length the grocer plucked up enough courage to look over his shoulder.

It was Ferdinand Whalebelly's chattee; a gargantuan earthenware pot which held the fat officer's cool drinking water. Slung on a lanyard from the wire awning jackstay, it swayed slowly to and fro with the roll of the ship. Reassured, Pybus stepped almost jauntily into the mate's room and switched on the light.

There were a dozen pairs of handcuffs in all, packed in oily oakum, together with a strait-waistcoat, and a tube of cream for the treatment of frostbite. Determined to be on the safe side, Pybus transferred the lot to his pockets, then turned out the light. For fully a minute he listened intently, and, when all seemed quiet, he tiptoed cautiously out on deck.

"That old chattee won't put the wind up me this time," he muttered, raising a groping hand to ward it off. Once again the grocer's fair hair rose in terror and his heart

drummed like a racing propeller in a head sea.

Mr. Whalebelly's chattee was bewitched; instead of its former pendulum swing, it jiggled and danced vertically, as though bouncing on elastic. "Something's making that jackstay shake," thought Pybus. "There must be somebody on top of the awning." Now that the danger was to some extent located, the grocer's courage began to return; with eyes now accustomed to the gloom, he scanned the canvas for the inevitable bulge.

It was almost over his head, a downward belling trough moving stealthily towards the boatdeck ladder. Without hesitation Pybus raised his pistol, giving the invisible creeper a violent prod with the muzzle, and shouted "Hands up!"

The awning became violently agitated as the cassub crawled with scuffling rapidity to the ladder and felt for the rungs with his bare feet. As the lower half of the Malay swung into sight, Pybus took hasty aim and jerked the trigger, but to his consternation no explosion followed. Waiting for no more, the grocer fled madly along the deck, and rocketed up the bridge ladder five steps at a time.

"Where is he?" shouted the Captain, clutching the white-faced fugitive by the arm. Pybus stammered out his story.

"Why the hell didn't you fire, you fool?" demanded the mate, grabbing the grocer by the opposite sleeve.

"I pulled the trigger, but it didn't go off," answered Pybus lamely.

"Of course it didn't go off," snorted China Hughes. "Look, you bloody Jonah, the safety catch is still in position. Give me those irons, and stay here with Mr. Whalebelly. See you keep your weather eye lifting, if you haven't shipped a safety catch on that as well."

"Hand over that pistol," ordered the fat mate, when the Captain had gone off to direct the search. "You'd better stick to Nature's weapons, me lad—hang on to this." He passed the crestfallen grocer an old schnapps bottle, which now held turpentine for the wheelhouse windows. With a final injunction to sing out in the event of the Malay heaving in sight, Mr. Whalebelly betook himself to the far side of the bridge.

By this time clusters were glowing all over the decks, and the search for the cassub had begun in earnest. Electric torches flashed about the boatdeck, where men stripped covers off the lifeboats and prodded deep into ventilators with oars and boathooks. Drawing a blank there, they moved

to the deck beneath, where their operations were concealed by the awnings. Much to his astonishment, Pybus caught himself yawning; he edged across to the wheelhouse door to look at the clock.

Old Dick was at the wheel, his expressionless face faintly outlined by the light from the binnacle. He was chewing, as usual, his lean jaws clamping with the passionless monotony of a Buddhist prayer-wheel.

"Haf they copped him yet?" he asked in a whisper. Pybus shook his head.

"They was bloody slow," grumbled the old Welshman peevishly. He spun the wheel a couple of spokes. "Let them shoot him, look you, and let me go below. I should have been relieved at eight bells, Queer Fella, but this goddam nigger . . . At that point Pybus sidled tactfully out of the wheelhouse, for he heard the approaching footsteps of the mate.

Ferdinand Whalebelly climbed heavily up to Monkey Island and stooped over the standard compass. He was obviously attempting to get a bearing on a shore light, but the process seemed more than usually difficult, for he turned to the voice pipe: "Watch your steering," he snapped irritably. A moment later Pybus saw him staring aft at the wake, his bulky figure silhouetted against the stars.

"Get her on her course, hell roast you!" he shouted again. "If you must write your blasted name in the wake you needn't turn back to cross the t's." Even that appeal seemed ineffective, for the mate addressed his next remark to Pybus.

"See what's wrong with the helmsman," he said.

"I think he's fainted, sir," called Pybus from the door of the wheelhouse; in the dim light Old Dick hung sprawling over the wheel. Stepping inside, the grocer shook the old man's shoulder vigorously.

"What's up, mate?" he demanded anxiously. "What's the matter, Dick?" The wheel spun sharply of its own accord, and the Welshman slumped to the rating in an inert heap. Pybus was in the act of stooping over him when a sudden shove sent him staggering to one side. Before he could recover himself the cassub rose from the shadows in the corner of the wheelhouse and slipped through the opposite door. Snatching the long telescope from its rack, Pybus struck blindly after him, only to feel the object shiver to fragments as the brass tube bent round the teakwood door jamb. Overhead the mate had opened fire; the grocer

could hear the spang . . . zoom of bullets ricochetting from the iron deckhouses.

"Foiled again," gasped Whalebelly, appearing beside the grocer. "The dastard was too quick for me. Did he finish the old man?"

"He's only knocked out, I think," said Pybus. "The handle must have hit him." He pointed to the galley cleaver, driven to more than half its width into the double row of pigeonholes which housed the code flags.

"Just above his brain-case," grunted the mate significantly. "He's had a narrow squeak."

Guided by the shots, all hands swarmed up on to the bridge. They had come straight up from the bunks, covered from head to foot in sweat and coal dust, much of which was quickly smudged on the nearby paintwork. Hairy Butler made straight for Pybus and drew him furtively on one side.

"It's an ill wind blows nobody any good," he whispered, giving the grocer a mysterious dig in the ribs. "There, Queer Fella, isn't that a sight for sore eyes?" After a cautious glance round he opened his coat and displayed to the astonished Pybus a fine York ham.

"What's that for?" demanded the grocer blankly.

"Me," said the Irishman cheerfully. "I tucked it in me manly boosum when we searched the lazarette, and a quare thyrin' time I've had since, totin' it round under China's yalla nose. Hang on to it for me, Queer Fella," he added, thrusting it into the grocer's hands. "Ye'll be able to ship it for'ard when the pack moves off agen."

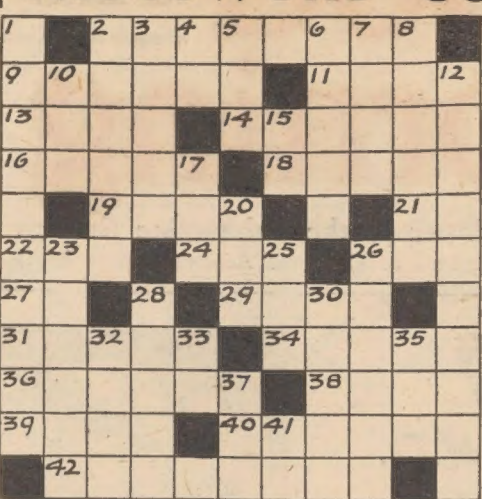
"Look here, Hairy—" Pybus started to protest, but the Irishman had already pushed back into the crowd, where he took his stand at the Captain's elbow. Fockle esprit de corps forbade him to abandon the incriminating comestible on the bridge, so with an angry shrug the grocer buttoned it beneath his jacket. He felt towards Butler as an upright spinster to those who deposit an unknown infant on her impeccable doorstep.

In the hope of minimising his ungainly waistline, Pybus picked up the night glasses and pretended to examine the ship. Leaning over the rail like that, there was a chance that his guilty corpulence might pass unobserved. Would China and the mate never get finished with their counsel of war, he wondered, sweeping the glasses aimlessly to and fro. Suddenly he steadied them, focussed carefully on the funnel. Excitedly he pushed past the others to the Captain.

"I see him, sir," he burst out eagerly. "The cassub. He's on top of the ladder, hanging on to the whistle."

"I'll whistle him," muttered

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- 2 Pointed.
- 9 Panther.
- 11 Irrational.
- 13 S. American country.
- 14 Rankle.
- 16 Level with waves.
- 18 Zest.
- 19 Wood.
- 21 Direction.
- 22 Confection.
- 24 Understanding.
- 26 Remained.
- 27 Towards.
- 29 Fish.
- 31 Marshal.
- 34 Pick up.
- 36 Bracket.
- 38 Useless.
- 39 Relax.
- 40 Poor dwellings.
- 42 Diminished.

CHAW ANGORA
RELEASE DEN
AWLS HURDLE
MUTTER SAW
BADE NAB T
OVERS LABEL
I NIP HOSE
CAR LEGAL M
UTOPIA MENU
BOB CLEARER
ARENAS SONS

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Make competent.
- 2 Harangue.
- 3 Divert.
- 4 Parent.
- 5 Nix.
- 6 Result.
- 7 Hard fruit.
- 8 Famous Scottish town.
- 10 Novel.
- 12 A tired feeling.
- 15 For instance.
- 17 Berry.
- 20 Cover.
- 23 Cattle pen.
- 25 Label.
- 26 Cleared of wild plants.
- 28 Billows.
- 30 Scottish boy.
- 32 Mount.
- 33 Pronoun.
- 35 Quiet.
- 37 Common adjective.
- 41 Dealing with.

Calvert grimly, jerking out his revolver, but the Captain seized his wrist.

"We'll take him alive, boys," he said. "He's not armed now. Surround the funnel, and Mr. Whalebelly will pull the whistle lanyard. A whiff of hot steam'll have him down."

Impeded by the awnings, it took time for all the men to reach the boatdeck, and while Pybus awaited his turn on the ladder, he suddenly decided to turn the delay to account. Bolted into the galley, he unbuttoned his coat, and was in the act of hiding the ham in a locker when the whistle burst into a hoarse, brazen whoop. Loud, confused shouting followed, then the skylight was flung violently back, and the Malay landed on all fours at the grocer's feet.

"Take that," grunted Pybus, whirling down eighteen pounds of prime York ham on the cassub's head. As the man slid forward on his face the grocer mechanically pushed the ham into the locker and closed the door.

"The fellow broke through us as though we were children," said the Captain, as he snapped the irons on to the unconscious Malay. "He must have had the strength of ten. How did you put him out?"

"I hit him," said the grocer modestly.

"You must have a powerful fish," complimented the Captain, a new note of respect in his voice.

"Like a ham," said Hairy Butler. "Isn't it, Queer Fella?" Reginald Pybus blushed.

(To be continued)

The God Who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time.

Thomas Jefferson
(1743-1826).

The Athanasian Creed is the most splendid ecclesiastical lyric ever poured forth by the genius of man.

Disraeli.

QUIZ for today

1. An alf is a pepper-pot, Siberian horse, sword, ancient chess piece, Indian ruler?
2. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: 17, 27, 37, 47, 67, 97, 73, 53, 85?
3. What is a shillelagh?
4. Which is the largest county in England?
5. Into what substance did King Midas convert everything he touched?
6. What regiment is nicknamed the "Death or Glory Boys"?
7. What sleeve markings are worn by an R.A.F. Drum-Major?
8. What English film actor married Barbara Hutton in 1942?
9. Has a professional cricketer ever captained an English team in a Test Match?
10. What sea has no coastline?
11. What is meant by the Bertillon System?
12. What is the difference between ordinance and ordnance?

Answers to Quiz in No. 325

1. Lizard.
2. 25 is not divisible by 3; others are.
3. (a) France, (b) Spain.
4. (a) Was a fisherman, (b) was a doctor.
5. Tarantula is a spider; tarantella is a dance.
6. About 4½lbs.
7. Brigadier-General J. H. Doolittle.
8. Lady Korda.
9. About 9 inches.
10. A lighted torch and a book.
11. Joseph Lister.
12. To die without leaving a will.

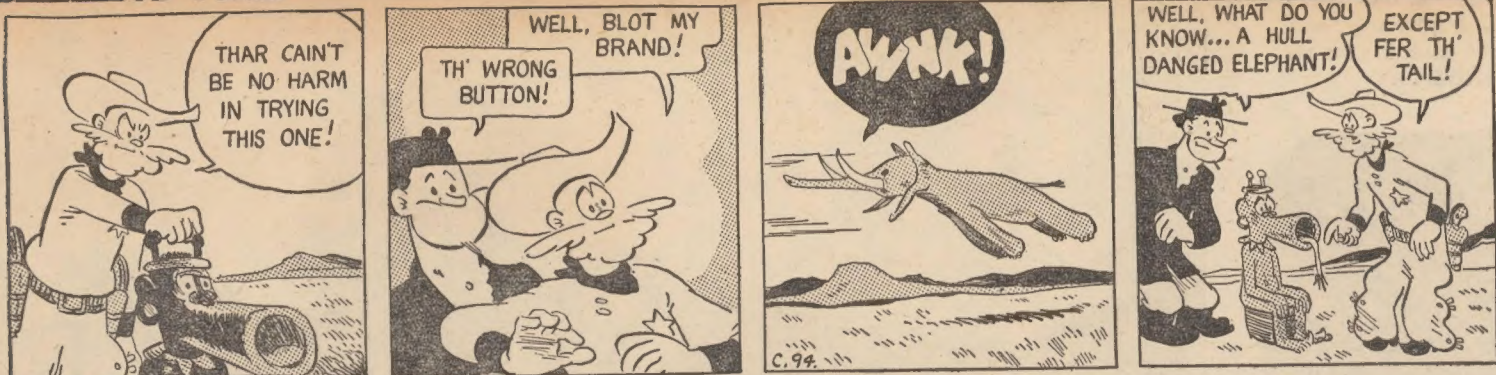
MODES
FLEES
SONGS
LIMIT
ROADS
PARIS
LAKES

Solution to Puzzle in S 54.

JANE



BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



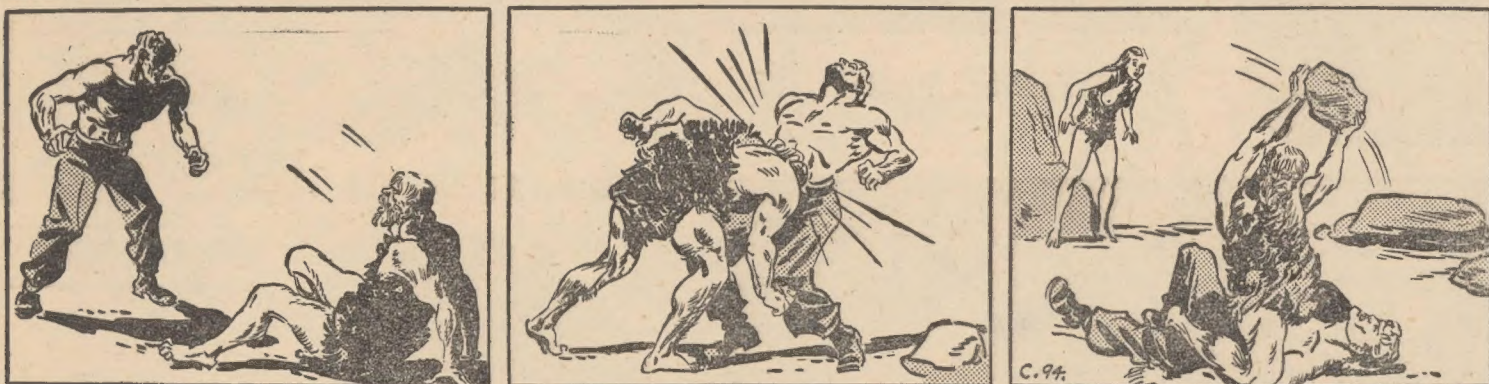
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



REMINDING me of 1939, you know, when cigarettes were wrapped in silver paper, when waiters didn't mind serving you, and when beer drink, in the days was an alcoholic of strip tease and bananas, was the smile of Yvonne Robinson, ex-Cochran Young Lady and television star, when we met in a News Theatre queue the other day.

Most flattering thing I can say about Yvonne is that she hadn't changed.

A promising subject for Ripley, she is never happier than when cooking for the old folk at home or digging the garden.

Do you think I'm kidding?

AN additional service by Services is the donating of blood; throughout the country appeals are rewarded with gratifying results.

Campaigners make use of figures such as these: Two thousand transfusions were given to troops at El Alamein, a similar number in London raids in one year, and thousands annually on all war fronts.

LIKE Luxembourg's Ovaltine happy girls and boys are batches of bleeders at Bangor Infirmary on Sunday mornings. Pouring from trucks and strolling leisurely through the grounds, Land Girls, W.A.A.F.s and gunners, fixing evening dates, wend their way to the blood-transfusion unit.

The best bleeders are Land Army girls, on account of their usually high health standard.

At a Northern hospital recently, a Land Girl walked in and volunteered her blood. On leaving the hospital, she shattered the staff by calmly announcing that the pint of blood just neatly bottled was the fiftieth she had given.

LASCELLES HALL, probably the oldest of the Yorkshire cricket clubs, is in danger of losing its ground, which is threatened by the encroachment of the builder. An effort is to be made to raise funds to purchase the ground.

Established in 1825, the club was in the old days a "nursery" of Yorkshire cricket. Play has taken place on the present pitch since 1886, and the 80-year-old turf, together with beautiful surroundings, provide what is termed a "batsman's paradise."

AFTER studying the family histories of famous men and finding that so many of them are bachelors, Mr. B. S. Bramwell, of the Eugenics Society, believes that they are too busy to "pop the question."

Telling this to a Royal Society audience in London, he added:

"Many of the holders of the Order of Merit—a high distinction given to our leaders in the military, scientific and artistic fields—are bachelors.

"Even when they do marry they have few children. Their minds are so occupied that many of them only have platonic friendships."

Could be said, I suppose, that this is literally a case of mind over matter, but then, as Joad would say, "It depends what you mean by matter."

Yes . . . !

I WOULD point out that opinions and statements in Odo Drew's column, "News From Nowhere," when making personal reference to this writer, are, as the column title suggests—from nowhere.

Ron Richards

Good Morning

Maybe she was born at Lake Placid, but Paramount star Veronica Lake is anything but placid. Nor does she leave us cold, either.



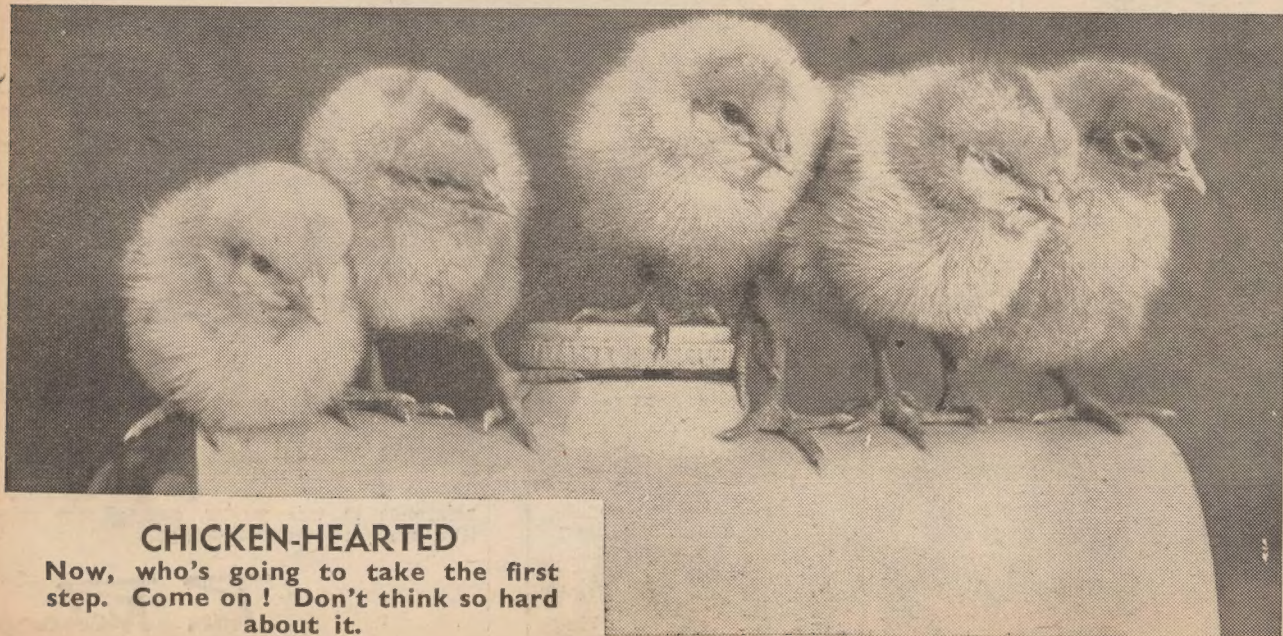
This England

Yorkshire is not all moors and mills. Here's a lovely view of some old cottages and the village stream at Thornton-le-Dale.



SLEEPING PARTNERS

BEG PARDON, SIR



CHICKEN-HEARTED

Now, who's going to take the first step. Come on! Don't think so hard about it.



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"You 'erd ... you."

